

## The Washington Times

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## FRANK A. MUNSEY.

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SUNDAY, AUGUST 25, 1907.

## Westward, Ho!

Sixteen battleships will attest the dignity of the United States in Asiatic waters. Since the first announcement of the plan—made in this paper on all proper authority—there has been no public doubt that the fleet would sail. Now the matter is put beyond question by a statement from Secretary Lobb.

South America is to share in the benefit of the expedition. Her coal will fill the bunkers, her ports will entertain the officers and men, her governments will look upon the tangible evidence of Uncle Sam's muscle. But Asia is yet the objective—and rightly.

That Japan will find any offense in the presence of these four squadrons is out of all question. Our Pacific littoral is longer than hers, our interests there as great as hers, our need for ships in those waters the same as hers. We have too long neglected the Pacific. In future we should be enterprising not so much to send occasional fleets through her waters on flying visits as to maintain in them a force proportionate to our trade and influence.

## A Year of Trade Getting.

A "Greater Washington" movement was on the boom in this city a year ago. A new association—representing the jobbing and shipping trade—had just achieved its first results. A program of trade expansion had been in part announced by that body and in part put upon it by the newspapers. The goal was to be a commercial expansion for the whole city.

Today the commercial expansion is not yet. The temptation is to say that not even has it been given a beginning. Careless observers of local affairs will so say. But any fair examination of the year's commercial record will show not only that a start has been made but that the start has been serious, far-sighted, and more fairly promising of profit than the hurrah of last summer.

Organization was the first preparatory step achieved. A year ago there were three trade bodies, all overlapping, all somewhat conflicting, all wasteful. Today the two more active of them—the Business Men's Association and the Jobbers and Shippers' Association—have been merged into the Chamber of Commerce; and this last-named body is marked by a keener interest, an energy more alive and practical, purposes more definite, than any other such organization in the Capital for a generation. The Board of Trade should likewise have contributed its strength to this larger and more progressive body. That step remains to work for in the ensuing fall and winter.

Practical trade-getting work has been done in the year, as well.

A train exhibiting Washington products was organized by our evening contemporary, the Star, and sent by the merchants of the District through available markets to the West and South. The results fully warrant a second such expedition this year.

The Jobbers and Shippers' Association obtained a readjustment of freight accommodations—both incoming and outgoing—and by co-operating with the local freight agents helped develop the new terminals into shipping accommodations equal to any demands Washington trade is likely to make upon them.

But so little or so much must be only a spur to bigger undertakings. The Chamber of Commerce is occupied now in planning for its building. It should find time also to unite the various tradesmen who compose its membership into boards or committees on their special branches of commerce.

A movement—definite, practical, supported by the co-operation of all the citizens' associations and other such bodies as are interested—should be pressed to success this winter for the reclamation of the Anacostia flats and the upbuilding of our river trade.

Merchants must make opportunity to work together.

The whole—work and jobbing activi-

ties of the District should be doubled.

Not the less because they will encourage the Capital's business interest, certain municipal improvements should be contended for and obtained, such as better streets, suburban sewers, arbitration of labor disputes, and a reform of our penal and correctional methods.

If Washington business men would learn the practical dollar-and-cents advantages of such working shoulder to shoulder, let them look to Baltimore. Our neighbors over there have just closed their "Merchants' Week." About 2,000 trade customers have been the city's guests. Their orders have been taken for \$1,200,000 worth of goods. The money has now started toward the Baltimore banks. No wonder its dealers can say:

"There is more trade in the market than usual at this time of the year. \* \* \* Our trouble is not so much in selling goods as to get the goods we have bought and paid for. \* \* \* The influx of trade has been very large—the largest in the history of our house."

Such reports are not beyond our reach here in Washington.

## What the Bucket Shop Is.

The bucket shop is as plain a gambling joint as a barroom lined with roulette wheels and "ten to one and your money back." It is a place where bets are placed between customers and "the house," on the course of certain stocks. In Washington, in other years, they have been found, identified in court, and their promoters have been punished; and in many cases the shop was robbed even of the character it had as a place where the customer and the management had equal chances by the discovery that the reports on the movement of stocks were "fakes."

Several arrests have now been made by the District Attorney on the ground that the men taken into custody were operating bucket shops. The evidence is reported to be entirely satisfactory to the law officers. Telegraphic instructions have been received from the chief of the office to push the fight with vigor and clean up the whole business.

Readers must bear in mind that arrests are not convictions, and that evidence which has been entirely satisfactory to authors of indictments has more than once proven insufficient when probed in open court. District attorneys share the general proclivity to error. They may have erred here. The men accused may be wholly without any intent to violate the law; they may be engaged in stock brokerage along entirely legitimate lines; they may, in fact, be entirely innocent. Pending trial they have a right to suspended judgment on the part of their neighbors.

But if they are not innocent, there must surely be warrant of law to punish them. The business of the bucket shop is gambling of a particularly reprehensible type. It borrows respectability from the legitimate brokerage in stocks. It tempts the light-headed by its mock sales and deliveries. More than most forms of "plunging" it leads its patrons into debt, borrowing, theft, and ruin. Its very existence depends upon a miserable promise of something for nothing and the gullibility of the weak. Every such place is a headquarters for polite free-booting. Our law is indeed a failure and a by-word if it is not able to crush them.

A better plan than lending the surplus to the banks would be to take it from the people in the first place.

Mr. Garfield says there is no panic in the West. He could not have talked to the opponents of the President's forest reserve policy.

A new train dispatcher—Governor Glenn.

That North Carolina attorney who calculates the Southern's earnings at 200 per cent per train can pull down a fine salary if he can do as well from the inside of the operating department.

We shall not have to say good-by, just yet, to the girl in the crisp summer frock.

No hope of repealing the local smoke law next session. Your Uncle Joe has cut his cigar allowance from twenty to three cigars a day.

They are going to weigh the mails in the railroad cars next October, but they can't estimate the pull of the railroads until Congress convenes two months later.

William of Sweden may have forgotten his royal dignity to do it, but he knew where to find the good time when he quit Newport's formal dinner for the public dance given to his sailors.

Mr. Collins, of Glen Echo, must not take it amiss if he hears that the automobilists think a "Lemon House" just about his measure for a garage.

## THE COMMON CRY.

Quoth Jinks: "By day my flat is hot; I won't contend that it is not. But just remember, if you please, At night we always get a breeze."

Quoth Binks: "Until the sun goes down, the chitry is just like the town. But every swampy man agrees At night we always get a breeze."

If I should with old Satan meet, And talk to him about the heat, I'll bet he'd swear with fluent ease; 'At night we always get a breeze.'—*Leedsford Courier-Journal.*

## The TALK of the TOWN BY THE TOWN TALKER

I WAS on a Fourteenth street south-bound car yesterday when I overheard a conversation between a countryman and the conductor as to the destination of the car.

"You've got this cab marked 'Capitol' on it," complained the rustic, "and now you tell me you're going to the Capitol."

"Well," said the conductor, "I have instructions to turn at the Peace Monument. That's all I can say."

At this juncture one of the local "wiseacres" proceeded to join in the conversation.

"I think," he announced to the car in general, "that it is a shame the way the poor visitors in this city are deluded, misguided and misdirected. We should have—"

"Fares," cried the conductor.

"I think, as I said—"

"Fares."

"I'll have to get off," he muttered, "I forgot my pocketbook."

"Hum," remarked the conductor with a smile of satisfaction. "Looks like I'd been the least bit misguided and deluded too. You've ridden five blocks already."

And the "wiseacre" said never a word.

I HAD dropped in rather hurriedly to purchase a handkerchief, but noting that the salesman seemed busy with a young man who would perhaps purchase more than myself, I waited patiently.

The purchaser was inquiring at the time for handkerchiefs and examined some half dozen different styles. He explained to the salesman that he wished them to have a certain kind of hook, something he'd read about in the magazines. The store didn't have them.

"Take a box of these, they are the best in the market," said the salesman finally, after working on the customer for over five minutes.

"Oh, I didn't want a whole box. I just wanted one button," the prospective purchaser replied. "Perhaps I can find it somewhere else."

"Perhaps you can," replied the salesman, his eyes flashing. "We don't sell less than a box here," as the fellow walked out.

"Well, I'll be blanked," said the man behind the counter. "That is the limit. You must pardon me. I'm mad clear through. Is it any wonder that we clerks grow grumpy-headed when we have such fools as that to contend with?"

And I agreed with him.

THE rubberneck wagons and the guards in the Government buildings have certainly been worked overtime this summer.

"The tourist trade is something wonderful this year, due, I suppose, to the Jamestown Exposition. At any rate, they are here from every State and county it seems, and all of them want to see Washington in about two days."

That reminded me that I had seen just a few of these tourists myself. Our rural friends are, of course, more in evidence, perhaps, because they are more noticeable, anyway. The ruralist is also up earlier and stays upon the streets to gaze and be gazed at a greater length of time. Walk down to almost any restaurant about 6:30 to 7 o'clock and you will see them begin to pile in. I overheard the following little dialogue in an Avenue restaurant:

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I HAVE seen many funny incidents while riding on the cars morning and evening to and from my office and more especially since Washington has been flooded with visitors, but what happened the other afternoon was about the funniest.

The train was coming down furiously and the car was crowded, men were hanging on the running-board and women

with their umbrellas raised as a protection against the strong breeze coming through the window. As the car stopped to take on passengers the old lady would lower the umbrella until she made sure they were not going to get on the seat with her, and up would go the umbrella again. Finally an old man

several seats behind her requested the conductor to put up the window. The conductor squeezed into the small space, after much tugging and pulling, the window was drawn up. Instead of thanking him for his service, the old lady read the riot act to him for stepping on her dress, and spent the rest of the way down town fussing about the discourtesy and carelessness of employees of the road.

PASSENGERS in a Fourteenth street car the other day were much interested in a little old man with a squeaky voice who talked to everybody about him.

He boarded the car on Capitol Hill and discussed the new tunnel which is being constructed between the Capitol and Senate office buildings.

"I can't see," he squeaked, "why those Senators can't walk on top of the earth the same as other people. That's where our money goes—to give them something that we haven't got. Guess they're afraid of bumping into undesirable persons."

The car went along through the city, and when it reached Corcoran street the conductor came around with transfers. He held one out to the old man and said:

"Transfer to U?"

"No," said the old man, "no transfer for me. I'm going right 'long through."

men were standing in the car. At Seventh street a number of the passengers got off and a party of four made a dash for the car.

There were two men in the party and two women, all settled, married-looking people and evidently not city folks. They managed to squeeze in where there was just about room for two.

The men sat down, but before the ever curious and critical passengers could smile at that and think it was just like a man, the ladies of the party quickly and gracefully planted themselves on the knees of their respective escorts.

These lucky individuals promptly placed their arms about the waists of

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